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THE BELL RINGER



Montgomery Bell Academy

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Congratulations, Class of 2003!



**MBA wishes
Coach Rutledge
a speedy and
sound recovery!**

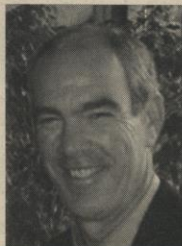


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Bolivia 2003: Stoking the Fire

by Josh Mayhew

(NOTE: According to the laws of physics, a fire will burn only as long as you tend to it. Otherwise, it will burn out.)

The sun throbbed high in the expansive Bolivian sky as our plane touched down in Cochabamba. My eyes slowly opened to see a barf bag in my hand. My exciting entrance into the country of Bolivia was welcomed by seeing purple spots, not being able to walk straight, and throwing up five times in the La Paz International Airport. (It may have been seven, but I'm not counting the times I was passed out.) Because of this, my mind didn't register where I was until I stepped off the plane and took a good look around. I was greeted by an air I had never smelled before, a landscape I had never observed before, and a culture that I had never dreamed of experiencing.

Luckily, my altitude sickness quickly subsided and my first plane trip ever had come to an end. After being warmly greeted in the airport by our guide, Paul, we proceeded onto a rickety bus driven by a humbly nimble man named Oscar. As Oscar careened through the wobbly, cobblestoned, sun-drenched streets of Cochabamba, silence draped the bus. No one had ever seen a place like this before - me especially. As we began that physical and personal journey into the heart of the city, none of us knew exactly what we would be in for. Boy, were we in for a ride!

The majority of the generic MBA student body, upon being offered a chance to Bolivia, would politely say, "Sounds like a great experience, but I don't think I'd be interested. Getting my butt bitten off by sand crabs seems like more fun." This is all fine and good, as a number of my fellow students on this trip felt the same way beforehand. After their decision to go to Bolivia, however, not one of them would have had it any other way. Not a one.

Most people think that the Bolivia trip entails going to a foreign country that has hundreds of diseases and living in poverty among thousands of children. This is simply not true. First off, the living conditions were splendid.

"Here we are," I remember Paul saying on the first ride through Cochabamba, interrupting our reflection, "La Morada..." We let our eyes gaze up at the gorgeous villa that sat before us, lodged in a hill. A quaint and kind woman named Lourdes greeted us as we ventured through the front gates and observed the beautiful country bungalow in which we would be spending the next ten days. A palette of morning colors blanching across the sky and reflected off the stucco walls of the house in an intricate pattern of light. Patios and porches, breezeways and corridors made the house like a dream. It was a nestled cottage to which every person wants to retire away, and it was all ours. As soon as we got settled, a soon-to-be-familiar bell rung, and we were treated to breakfast.

And then the children...

The children were beautiful. Never in my life have I seen a country where every single child looked like the subject of a painting, or a photograph from a magazine. These innocent little people depended on our friendship and wanted no more than to be our friends for a little while until we had to leave. They wanted to show us their toys, hold hands with us, and just for a moment in time touch someone or something that they would otherwise never get to see. After spending time with kids of all age groups, we noticed one thing about them. There was no competition between them, no bitterness, and no immature hostilities as there are with the children of America. Much of this can be explained by the fact that they have nothing in comparison to what has spoiled us. Now, in essence, does this really mean that they have nothing?

While I cannot speak for those on past trips, I have a feeling that the bonds formed between members of our group were among the strongest.

Whether it be late night discussions about life and religion, climbing the foothills of the Andes mountains on a clear morning, wandering through the Amazon rainforest, visiting with unique people, eating exquisite dishes, playing nighttime basketball, climbing 1500 steps to a giant Christ statue, picnicking in the country-side, visiting a secluded village, or simply watching movies, we bonded as a group and could call each other friends by the time we left. Although we knew that our friendships would not necessarily fit into our lives when we returned home, the realization of this made us want to appreciate what we temporarily had, and live up every moment - moments that we knew were slowly fading into memories.

Hopefully, those who have a chance to go on this trip will surely do so and perhaps let something ignite in them that they will carry with them for years to come. I strongly recommend it. Although I cannot give or begin to really relate the depth of my experience, I hope that anyone else who goes on this trip will get the different perspective that I did. When I returned to MBA, I was once again immersed in the subtle corruptions of what we call "life." Once again I was surrounded and partaking in the normalcies of life: gossip, competition, materialism, rushing around, and other native habits. But things that I worried about so much before the trip now seemed trivial. I could now take a deep breath, a step back, and realize what was worth fretting over.

Recalling the events of Bolivia has been comforting and remindful of a time when everything was good. There were no problems and no conflicts in any of our hearts when we were all six thousand miles away from the stresses of life. The only things on our mind were the sounds of the waters trickling in their steady rush during the dark nights at Aramasi, the giggling of children whose year was just made by our playing games with them, and the beautiful silences that we had at La Morada while

staring out at the city at 2 in the morning. And although I have moved on from that small piece of my life, I try and let the fire burn from an experience that did me so much good in ways that I am still discovering. So, for you who haven't gone on the trip keep these thoughts in mind.

And for you who have gone, and have that temporary fire burning, I remind you of my previous note, concerning the laws of physics. Take my one piece of advice and interpret it any way you wish:

"Stoke the fire."

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The staff of **The Bell Ringer** prepares all copy, headlines, and photographs at Montgomery Bell Academy. Franklin Web in Franklin, Tennessee, prints the paper.

Senaioir Prank 2003: Chaos and Disruption

by Matthew Brinton

The events of Thursday, May 16th, didn't come as a surprise to much of the student body. Nor did they cause the usual damage to the campus itself. What they *did* result in was one of the most entertaining, confusing, and chaos-inducing senior pranks in years.

During the school year, a variety of amusing and clever ideas were tossed around inside the senior class regarding the distant last day of school. Some of these ideas were shot down as being too destructive; others would have proved impossible to implement; yet more were too mild. The plan of blocking off the entrances to the school had been one of these early ideas, although the real strategy wasn't designed until the final few weeks. Several seniors who will remain nameless here - but they weren't class officers - collaborated to create a detailed map and directions for each driver.

Next, the participants (some eighty seniors, I believe) met to be given instructions. Each person had an assigned spot on or around the campus. Teams were told off to cover each lot, led by a leader who had been designated previously. People with big trucks or SUV's were held in reserve to take away batches of drivers from certain locations. The time for the operation was chosen based upon the knowledge that several administrators would spend the night on campus to forestall any prank. Thus, we would wait until the morning, when they would be lulled into thinking that there would be no senior prank this year. They should have known better.

Thursday morning, bright and very early, the class met as a whole to finalize the plans. The cars for each particular area were formed into convoys in order, a complex undertaking. These vehicles were to hit each area instantly, immediately blocking it off. Cars not part of a convoy would park on Brighton or in any spot where their presence would disrupt school traffic. Now there was nothing more left to do except to put the plan into effect. And we did.

I was part of the convoy heading toward the Vine Street lot, which we were to block off in a way that would make it very difficult to tow cars or to slip in past the barricade. We swept in, parked our cars, and ran for the getaway vehicles stationed behind us. Around the campus, the rest of our class was doing the same thing. We were gone within a couple of minutes - right under the noses of the furious and baffled administrators, who had happened to be there watching.

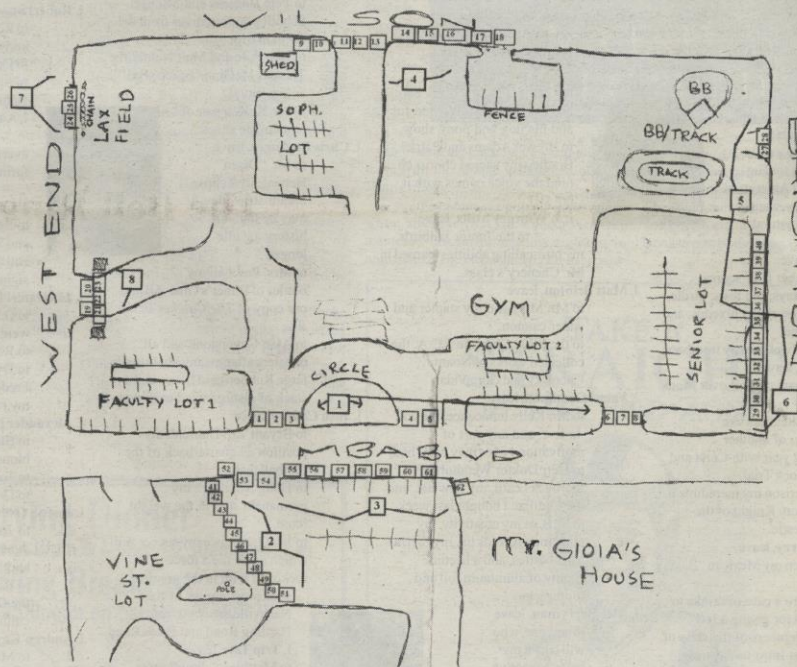
There were only a couple of errors in the execution. For one, the map happened not to include a way into the senior lot from the lower teachers' lot. This mistake was

field to hold the cars—but we had thought of that one first and blocked it off very well indeed. To alleviate the situation, tow trucks were called in. It had been suspected that something along those lines might happen, and many drivers had turned their wheels and put on their parking brakes to prevent or at least hinder the process. In addition, people had parked in such ways that the tow trucks couldn't reach them at all. We weren't too worried by the thought of being towed, anyway. There probably weren't enough tow trucks in the area to respond in time and even if there were, they would have had to wait in line. The reaction was more of anger that "they" would try such a thing.

functions. Most of the teachers present loved it, as did most of the student body.

The reasons the prank was well thought-of among the faculty were that it didn't cause any permanent damage, it didn't hurt anybody, and it required very little cleanup: all that was required was for seniors to come and move their cars. The only destruction was caused by several idiotic sophomores on a couple of cars blocking their lot. Sure, we were "punished" by being sent "home", but I fear that very few members of our class went home at that time.

After this successful prank, I believe two things should occur. One, the



soon rectified by some brave volunteer, whose name escapes me, who drove back, left his vehicle, and got out of there. We also were unable to cover the whole of Brighton. Other than these few omissions, the plan worked beautifully.

From an undisclosed location, we kept in contact with various members of other classes, who told us of the mounting chaos. There was simply nowhere for the hundreds of cars to go. I imagine that the administrators hoped to use the lacrosse

We also received reports on the horrendous traffic situation and were pleased to learn that the resulting jam made it on the radio.

We made a triumphant return to MBA at about eight o'clock. The traffic situation was indeed a nightmare, with cars parked along the roads, in ditches on Rolland, and just about anywhere they could be crammed. A few police were there, but they seemed less angry at us than at the neighbors, who apparently harass them routinely about school activities and

organizers of this event should receive medals at Honors Night; and two, the rising senior class should attempt to pull off an even more chaos-inducing episode next year. Regarding the first, I won't hold my breath; regarding the second, I suspect they will.

Last Wills and Testaments of the Senior Class

I, **Wade Williams**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Dr. Batten a jumbo jar of Natural Peanut Butter, to Wylie Jones all my Latin books, to Dan Gift a dictionary so he can expand his vocabulary beyond two syllable sounds and the word "dude."

I, **Paul Robinson**, leave to Dr. Batten a gallon of all-natural peanut butter, to C.J. Hurt my basketball skills.

I, **Anthony Bills**, leave to Mr. McBride a complete collection of novels on the greatest president of our time, Richard Nixon, to Lee Noel, my beautiful mind, to Tom Santi the only thing he needs in order to become a champion—the athletic skills of Anthony Murlock.

I, **Rob Shell**, leave to Clark Shell my incredible study and weekend habits, to Mr. Kelly's child the number for Big Brothers of America in case he ever wants a somewhat natural childhood.

I, **Daniel Gluck**, leave to my brother SAT scores, college essays, old tests, girdle, razor, the towel, my tuxedos, and my girlfriend,

to Mr. Caldwell a rusty trombone.

I, **Timothy Vaughn**, leave to Neil Idnani control over Mock Trial, to Doug Altenburn the satisfaction of another enchanting year with Corts and Dude in Mock Trial, to Mr. Morrison my incredible pink hat from Knight of the Burning Pestle.

I, **Peter Christenberry**, leave to Dr. Batten my Mexican "Baja Jacket", to Dr. Marro a case of drinks to be enjoyed for giving a few honored members of the class of '03 the best Intro to Physics experience ever.

I, **Juan Gonzalez**, leave to Mr. Tillman all the demerits I should have had.

I, **Reggie Coopwood**, leave to Sam MacDonald phone numbers for all my girls, to the MBA community the remembrance of my personality, good looks, and my presence.

I, **Zac Pounds**, leave to Dr. Marro my Intro to Physics book,

to Dr. Barrow the memories from 8th period, 7th-grade U. S. History, to Mr. Caldwell the legacy of my 5th-period, Algebra II class.

I, **James Clark**, leave to Mr. Caldwell my 5th-period sophomore-year memories in Algebra II.

I, **Brian Christie**, leave to Douglas Alterburn the rest of my steroids, to Father Crowell my sanity and collection of Studs Terkel books, to Charlie Pate my box of moon pies.

I, **Hunter Mobley**, leave to Shackdaddy a *Coal Miner's Daughter* DVD and a few golden minutes, to Charlie Pate my black boots and my half of Mr. Wonderful and his dog and pony show, to Brewer Adams and Patrick Bradley my sacred chorus chair (and the voice comes with it, boys!!)

I, **J. Whitney Mills**, leave to the Junior Jailbirds my bird-calling abilities learned in Mr. Chenery's class,

I, **Matt Brinton**, leave to Mr. Morrison my stapler and water cannon, to the Bible Club and F.C.A. the collected works of Noam Chomsky and Gore Vidal.

I, **Vamsi Caddipati**, leave to Mr. Kelly innocence, the will to live, and any sort of motivation I ever may have had, to Herr Doktor Wendt my Starbucks card, my new hat, and the Cadillac I bought last week, to M.B.A. my creativity, my cinnamon Altoids tin, my Sierra Mist bottles, and a lifetime supply of aluminum foil and toothpicks.

I, **Alec Berryman**, leave to anyone who will take it my beloved, active, heavily peopled Linux User Group, to Dr. Cassel an almost empty chorus.

I, **David Clayton Trammel**, leave to Cory Burton my 2000, hot, silver-tinted windowed, music-blaring, rice-burning Honda Civic, to Chambliss Shillinglaw all members of my girlfriend's family, to Jeff Snyder my ability to put up with the track coaches.

I, **Blake Luttrell**, leave to Dr. Neergaard homework, lab books, and lab reports that have not yet been turned in, to future members of Mr. Compton's class my ability to learn calculus, to those still in "prison" my ability to persevere.

I, **Matthew Wall**, leave to Mrs. Palmore my unmatched ability to analyze literary works, and my untouched copy of Conrad, to Dr. Wentdorf my golden whistle, some cheese, and some Valium, to Mr. Gaither my notes for conjugating the subjunctive.

I, **Wilson Montague Garrett**, leave to Pete Burgess and Michael Schuller my negatives from the London trip, to Ben Pote and Matt Nemer the Thomas McGinn "Eeeeeee Ba!!!" energy ritual, to Mr. Kelly a pair of homemade shoes.

I, **Chris Emfinger**, leave to Mr. "Disco" Herring my Eclipse breath strips that he may be high on history a while longer, to Mrs. Paschall my bottles of Elmer's Glue-All and my copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*, to Alan Coverstone and all debaters after me my abnormally large Rubbermaid boxes and a stack of disorganized evidence.

I, **Josh Cherry**, leave to Bryant Taft Hanfeldt my position as quarterback of the football team, to Doug Altenburn my permanent spot in the weight room, to Jake Lawrence my soccer skill which made me a force to be reckoned with in the greater southwest corner of the Nashville area between Harding Road and Estes Road.

I, **Trip Tate**, leave to Matthias Schmidt, Jazz Stephenson, and Jimmy Malloy my bowling ball with special design and deluxe matching carrying case, my bowling steps, and the ability to roll Brooklyn style, to Brewer Adams the baseball score book, to Donald Malloy complete possession of my younger brother.

I, **David Boyd**, leave to Mr. Lanier my 1999 red Ford Escort,

to Mr. Pruitt my cross-country jersey and varsity cross-country letter.

I, **Christopher Smith**, leave to J.A.G. and F.C.A. my salvation (I don't think I'll need it), to the Science Department a fashion sense, to Scott Pettus my spot in the senior lot.

I, **Jack Bryant**, leave to Will Bryant supreme coordination and extraordinary hand-eye ability, to Mr. Kelly my love and passion for money and ability to tan my skin, to the cafeteria staff my willingness to eat whatever concoction they came up with.

I, **Robert Stewart**, leave to Rob Zelle all of my knowledge, to Coach V. my lovely physique, to future Dr. Shackelford statisticians two golden minutes.

I, **Aaron Davis**, leave to Dr. Clark an everlasting soul and heart, the former of which he has already, to Mr. Kelly an infinite supply of Coke and Skittles, to Academic Dean Coverstone and Secretary Morrow a box of Bill O'Reilly CD's and books signed by O'Reilly and Ashcroft.

I, **Jon Daniel Landman**, leave to O.D.B. my ability to lift weights, to Rosie my feet and knees, to Dylan Richey and John Fredericks the only pictures of my cars.

I, **Alexander Hall**, leave to Blake Sloan and Jeff Glaser blond highlights, to Tom Santi my retainer, to Dr. Cassel my falsetto.

I, **Joseph Overton**, leave to John Patten the spirit and strength to stand tall against another year of Red-baiting, to Parkes and August the care of the flourishing punk counter-culture at M.B.A.

I, **Andrew Keyser**, leave to Matthew Barnes, Lipscomb Davis, and John Parker the Bible Club and my devotional book. Slackers!!!

I, **Richard Harb Howell, Jr.**, leave to Ben Pote, Taylor Tate, Tyler Augusty, and Doug Altenburn DJ's classic outbursts, 96-the lucky number, the ropeswing, isotoners, a no-show to practice, Fuller not being cool, ultimate leadership (just don't take it seriously), to Grant Thomas, Taylor Gould, and Nick Rhoda a bag of fungus,



Last Wills and Testaments Continued

a kick ball from K-Mart in Chattanooga, a whooping in NCAA March Madness (and, Taylor, stay away from Julianne), to Alan Riley a garbage bag of Capri Sun, Allison Oldacre, a darn good nickname (Giant), and some play to get.

I, Brian Thomas Elliott, leave to the future classes of M.B.A. freedom from oppression, the end of endless assemblies, a good relationship with the faculty and staff, and a working internet connection/e-mail service, to someone of acceptable coolness the "Cool Place" (located comfortably in the small corridor of Davis next to the entrance of the theater), to Mr. Gioia a copy of the 1993 Bell.

I, John Edward Murdock, leave to that fortunate soul who might replace me my wonderful assortment of well-cared-for baseball statistic books and/or pencils with mildly used erasers, to Dr. Crowell my homework that Andrew Wilson stole from me, to Aeneas many wonderful memories of Pater Anchises and Ascanius' horse.

I, Mark Fritz, leave to Matthew Naftilan, Dwight Dale, and Ted Tywang a search for the Holy Grail to Mr. Pruitt the undisposed of lamprey left in the back cabinet, to Mr. Lanier two Pert Plus shampoo bottles.

I, J. B. Spaulding, leave to Notorious D.U.G. (Alterbern), Gabriel (Nemer), and Pate my Ole Green (my Patagonia fleece which I have worn since the seventh grade), to Regan and Koban my hope that you can avoid your parents for the remaining term of high school, my love and affection, to Allen Riley the protection of Muscles and T-bone as well as a lifetime supply of Sodexo (Sage?) cookies.

I, Jay Howell, leave to Mr. Womack a beanbag chair to be put under the table, to Lipscomb Davis my membership to the Pen Club, member #15.

I, Jackson Balthrop, leave to M.B.A. my home dial-up connection because it will be faster, to the administration my compassion and ability to remember names.

I, Josh Kupersmidt, leave Davide Goggia my Ware2 collection, including 1000 Diux rips, SUCD screeners, and unreleased albums, to Josiah Garton my atheist literature and self-help book *How to Create Antipathy*.

I, Hamilton Berry, leave to any musicians with mad skills the continuation of Cellophony and the cello groupie cult, to Shaun McFall and Chris Schuller the misunderstood dinosaur that is the Archives,

to Chris Cynn (da Cypha) three cases of car air fresheners.

I, Jeffrey Hollis, leave to Tee Patterson my blonde hair that he covets so much, to C. J. Hurt my jump shot he needs so badly, to Deon Gaines 15

pounds of my own body weight for his skinny and

starving frame.
I, Matthew Thomas Leftwich, leave to whoever can handle it my terminal frustration in smash brothers at the hands of Mario and Starfox, to the Class of 2002 the "Cool Place", for they are the only ones who can appreciate it, to no one the 1986 Turbo Diesel Isuzu Trooper and the slightly dented front bumper.

I, Paul Reynolds, leave to my brother David love for M.B.A., plus all my athletic skills, to Ben Pate, Taylor Tate, Tyler Augusty, D.U.G., and Charlie Pate the responsibility for making the musical next year fun, because you know it won't be on its own (yeah! We love Hamilton), to Tom Abernathy a wish that you come back to school here, so you can be in a class with Father Crozwell.

I, Matt Conrad, leave to Nick Rhoda my common sense, to Douglas Altenbern some very small shirts, not to be worn around my sister, to Corey Burton caretaking of Jake and my legacy in soccer.

I, Michael Dominic Boniface Ross, leave

to Will Harris my LT1 Caprice Classic, with which he can mow down freshmen and Jake Gideon, to Lipscomb Davis my position of Arbiter Cuniculorum and, thus, the right to talk about Bunnies, blue or otherwise, to Tom Wall my bunny-oriented terrorist organization, since I will not be there to run it.

I, Peter James Power, Jr., leave to the class of 2004 my artistic abilities, my love for art, and my belief in the power of the imagination, to my brother Nick my favorite outdoor study place on the

I, Brent Collins, leave

To Joseph Bibb a fragile tolerance for all the dolts who could not possibly care less for the work they do in art 2 and 3 (even 4).

To Billy Brown and Max Douglas my spheres of influence (non-existent as they may be) in the art room, for those who have spoken little shall be heard resoundingly.

To Chris Cynn my physics knowledge, for all that comes from the source must eventually return thither.

I, Josh Mayhew, leave to Maclean Grindell all the best in being able to carry a cardboard train across the stage in a musical, and do it with perfect precision and grace like I did.

To Nick Rhoda may you, Johnny, David, Matt, and JDoe pass on our memories of Bolivia 2003 to everyone else you can, and promote next year's trip - let other people's views be changed like ours were.

To Brendan Mayhew that you will survive the next five years at MBA, and once you've done it like your older brother, sit back, and think to yourself: "Now how the hell did I survive that?"

I, Will Choppin, leave to Mr. McBride - a copy of the made-for-tv movie on the Nuremberg Trials that he was watching as a little boy when suddenly it was interrupted by a newscast informing the American people of the attack on the Civil Rights activists marching on the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Salem, Alabama

to David Donlon - the self-proclaimed, unofficial position of "SCA Boy" - hope you have fun doing the play(s) next year

to Spence Patton - my cheap sports car that is manual, to replace your cheap sports car that is automatic

I, John Check Eason, leave to Lee and Webb White my

height
to Mr. Kelly I leave my golf game to Michael Hugh Caldwell a six pack of Diet Pepsi Big Slams and memories of Rob Shell, Brett Knoll, and Treat MacAllister

I, Robert Foster, leave to my borthor Clayton a new running style, my blue Honda Accord, and the same awesome high-school experience I had,

to Drew Carney a sub 50 open 400 time, the status of Greek God, and a trash can to puke in after every race, to Matt Bubis a work ethic equal to "so hard", the right to molest fellow defensemen, and my brethren,

to Preston Adams a Mouth of the South T-shirt, a deeper motive in finding a girl attractive, and a position in the Forest Hills Youth Group, to Charlie Morgan common sense and the ability to sound intelligent.



Lacrosse: A Great Season and a Sad Farewell

by Jack Bryant

The MBA lacrosse team was 18-1 for the 2003 season. The year was dramatic and exciting, with wins over state champions in Kentucky, Texas, Georgia, and Florida. Ranked #1 in the Southern region and 47th nationally, the Big Red was certainly



heavily favored to win the Tennessee state championship. Having gone undefeated in the regular season with a crushing win over MUS (the Big Red lax arch rival), the lax team's spirit was high going into the playoffs.

Being seeded first in the state tournament gave MBA a bye in the first round of the playoffs. Friday night, May 16, MBA played Christian Brothers in the semifinals. Despite a slow start, the lax team came out strong in the second half of the game to win handily. Later that Friday night, MUS played Chattanooga's McCallie in a

close match that resulted in a 7 to 5 victory by MUS. The following day MBA and MUS were set to face off at two o'clock in the afternoon.

MUS had been crushed by MBA earlier in the year and came out pumped and ready to play. The game remained close throughout, but MBA never found its rhythm. In a devastating defeat, MBA for the third

year in a row had to walk off the field with their heads down on State Championship Saturday.

Nevertheless, the lacrosse team does not have anything to hang their heads

about. They finished the year with MBA's best record ever and is the school's first undefeated regular season lax team. They

to the second team. David Regan was the first team goalie, and defender Bennett Graham was first team as well. Junior Scott



earned respect nationally for Southern lacrosse. Coach Cooper, after only his first year, won the "Coach of the Year" award. Attackman Cyrus Adams was named All-American. Attackman David Boyd was the Academic All-American. David Fleming and Andrew Quinn were first team midfielders, and sophomore Clay Caroland was named

Hagan and Senior Jack Lewis received honorable mentions on defense.

The season was a success. Although the seniors leave the school having never won the state, they have a great deal to be proud about, and are one of the main reasons why the sport is growing so fast at MBA and in Nashville. Come to the games next year and support MBA's future lacrosse champions.

Track Team Finishes Fourth in the State

by Robert Foster

The Montgomery Bell Academy track team began a tremendous season early in February. As the cold rain of late winter fell, the track team saw its own breath before it in light of a promising season. The long jogs down to Bowling and to Elmington Park to do sprints and plyos (form running) were a struggle in the beginning, but by the end of the season the road was more a comfort and ease compared to the harder workouts. With the demise of the Denbo dynasty in shot put, young Matt Bubis found a strong resolve to work "so hard" for his team. Cannon Kinnard and Jeff Snyder dominated the pole vault, becoming an intense one-two punch for most of the year. Other important field event athletes were Jay Pilkerton in the discus as well as Charlie Morgan in the triple-jump. All of these were state placers. Confronted by youth and inexperience within the sprinters, the Big Red pulled together a couple of strong relay teams and a few strong individuals. The distance crew was led by the seasoned veterans Nathan Mulherin, Clayton Trammell, Robert Stewart, and David Scoville.

The highlight of the MBA track season was an early strong victory at the Shoney's City Championship. The team cruised to an early lead and never looked back. Cannon led the celebration with his victory dance and a victory lap. The early indicators proved that MBA had quite the



team. The 4 x 800 relay team and the 4 x 400 relay team were very strong and powerful. In the open 400 Drew Carney, Robert Foster, and Wilson Robinson were extremely

talented. A strong showing in the open 200 by Alex Shofner could not be overlooked. The open 800 was a landslide, as MBA went 1-2-3. Jeff Snyder, Nathan Mulherin, and Robert Stewart literally dominated the entire field. Shoney's was an incredible meet with an unbelievable victory.

On to Region went the MBA track team. There the team posted three of the best times in the state in the 4 x 400, 4 x 800, and open 400. Region was a hard-fought battle in which the Big Red fell short, but still qualified people in 14 of 18 events for state.

Andy Snyder and Jay Pilkerton qualified for the Decathlon. Andy also qualified in the 300 hurdles as the region champion, as a freshman! MBA qualified three people in the open 400, two people in the open 800, two people in the open mile, Nathan Mulherin in the two mile, and two people in

the 300 IM hurdles. Jeff Snyder set a new meet record in the open 800 posting a time of 1 minute 56 seconds. After a strong second-place finish, MBA was poised for state.

After a long day in Memphis, MBA stood a solid fourth. The team had competed well but found itself lacking the strength needed to capture a state title. Everyone gave his best effort, though. A special nod should be given to the 4 x 800 team, three-time defending champions, as Jeff Snyder pushed past the leader on the final straightaway to seal the victory. The rest of the team fought just as hard and found a way to do the very best that they could.

The MBA track team could not have had the season it did without the coaching of Coach Pruitt, Coach Sadler, Coach Russell, Coach Russ, Coach DeYoung, and Coach Compton. Their dedication and commitment made the season worthwhile for all. The entire track team is in their debt for their service and time. The track team should be strong next year with leadership from Jeff Snyder, Charlie Morgan, Brock Baker, Chandler Tygard, and Lewis Dawson. And with rising talent such as Andy Snyder, Drew Carney, and Chambliss Shillinglaw, the team has a bright and talented future.

A Decathlete's Diary

by Jay Pilkerton

It's the first of the two days of the Division II state decathlon. I'm not really nervous, but I know I should be (I guess it is just too early in the morning). The first event is the open 100 meters, my weakest event. After I warm up, the F.R.A. coach announced the heats, and I realized the guy to my right could fly. When I got in the blocks, I asked Bingham (the fellow to my right) what he ran in regions, and he responded, "Well, I had a bad start, but I ran a 10.7." All I could say was, "Wha...wha...what did you say?" But when they started the race, I didn't do so badly; Bingham did not beat me by as much as I thought he would, but then he told me his blocks had slipped out from under him at the start. Hmmm, that explains it.

Then, I moved on to the pole vault, one of my better events. Unfortunately, Andy Snyder and I were not getting deep into the pit. But the good thing is neither was the B.A. fellow. The other schools were so bad they should not have been allowed to vault. After the others were put out at about 8 feet, the M.B.A. and B.A. decathletes came in. Well, Andy and I both cleared our heights. Luckily, one of the B.A. vaulters did not, failing to realize the objective is to go over the bar, so he no-heighted and

received no points at all for the event, essentially causing him to lose the decathlon right there. After he no-heighted, Andy and I tried not to smile and keep a straight face.



Jay on the High Jump

Then, we went to the discus throw. I was hoping to throw 145 feet, but it began to rain. The rain threw me off, and I also could not use my discus because they wouldn't allow it. My discus did not make weight. I wish so badly Don Denbo had been there, for he would have shot

somebody. My coaches told me not to let the rain affect me, but it did. I settled for a mediocre throw of 125 feet.

The triple jump was next. I realized white boys can't jump. I felt bad when Coach Pruitt told me a guy in triple A jumped 48 feet 7 inches. Sweet. Only an eleven foot improvement and I'm right there with him.

The most painful event ever is next, the 400. As long as I didn't lose to Andy, I would be fine. I barely beat him by a few tenths of a second. We ran 53 seconds.

Day 2

Today I was really sore. I got to BGA's track a little early to make sure I would be ready at 9:00 A.M. for the opening event, the 110 hurdles. I did fairly well. I ran it in a 17.1. It could have been worse.

The second event of the day was the long jump. I hate jumping into the sand on a rainy day because the sand just sticks to you. No one really jumped well, I guess because of gloomy and depressing weather. I was satisfied with my

jump of 17'7".

With all of the jumping and running my shins began to hurt, but we still had to go on to the next event, the high jump. I hadn't improved much in high jump over the last couple of years considering I got 5'8" in 8th grade and I am consistent at 5'6"

as a sophomore. Coach Pruitt told me I had a shot at getting 2nd place if I could beat Chris Buck, a Brentwood Academician, in high jump, shot put, and kill him in the 1500 meter run. I was so excited. I trounced him in the high jump with a jump of 5'1".

Then the shot put came. Chris Buck is not a big guy, so I knew I could beat him in the shot. On my first throw, I slipped due to the rain. On my second throw, I tried to spin and I lost the shot right before I threw it, and I threw a long five feet. The Baylor decathletes and I were guessing the distance of the throws before the official announcement. When I threw the shot, the Baylor guy said, "Dawg, I give about a 3'8"!" But on my third attempt, I threw 38'1" to surpass Buck by four feet.

Yes! The final event. The 1500 meter run. The coaches found out that I had to beat Buck by 42 seconds to get second place. Forty-two seconds is a long time, about 250 meters, so I listened to some music on my head set and got ready for it. When the race started, some MUS genius took off in front of me at a sprint, and I almost started laughing, knowing he would probably get dead last. And, yes, he did get dead last. I went as fast as I could and ended the 1500 with a time of 4 minutes and 35 seconds, equivalent to a 4.52 mile. I ran my best race, so I had to be pleased. Unfortunately, Buck had tried to stay as close as possible, and I only beat him by 20 seconds.

I got third in the state as a sophomore, so I was satisfied. I was interviewed in the newspaper for the first time, and that was pretty cool. I tried to think of some huge vocabulary word I had learned, but it never hit me. Then I ran a cool-down lap. Exhausted, I picked up my stuff and went home to study for exams.

MBA and Coach Anglin: Fresh Starts

by Curtis Lane

As most of you know, MBA has hired Kevin Anglin to be the head basketball coach next year. He will replace Jerry Meyer as coach after a 5-22 season in which nothing seemed to go right for the team. Anglin said about the job opportunity, "This was just the right place, the right time, and the right fit."

Coach Anglin was born and grew up in Franklin, and in 1989 he led Franklin High to the Class AAA title. From there, he went on to play at Vanderbilt, helping it to its last Southeastern Conference championship and a Sweet 16 appearance in 1993. He served as an assistant coach at Vanderbilt the following season,



Coach Anglin at Vandy

but then entered the private sector, working at a software company the last few years. He has remained active in basketball, however, serving as the middle school coach at CPA for a few seasons.

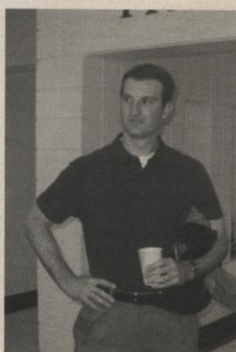
At Vanderbilt, Anglin played under Eddie Fogler, a former UNC player under Dean Smith. Anglin says that he learned a lot from Fogler and will use much of the same coaching style that Fogler used. He said, "I've got to be me, and we will do what I know, which is what we did at Vanderbilt and at Franklin." This means that next year, MBA should be playing a very up-tempo, fast-paced game, running up and down the court a lot and playing an aggressive man-to-man defense. He added, "We are going to play hard, intelligently, and unselfishly."

Tennessee as saying, "Kevin Anglin is the only player I ever coached that played three positions. His understanding of the game was amazing. I'm glad to hear Kevin is back in coaching. Coaching is what he wants to do."

Anglin will certainly have a busy summer, preparing for next season as well as working the summer camps and preparing to teach classes next fall. The basketball team will be getting started later this summer with a team camp in late June. This summer he wants to "get the basic pillars in place, gain

a familiarity with one another and with the system, and try to maintain as much continuity as possible."

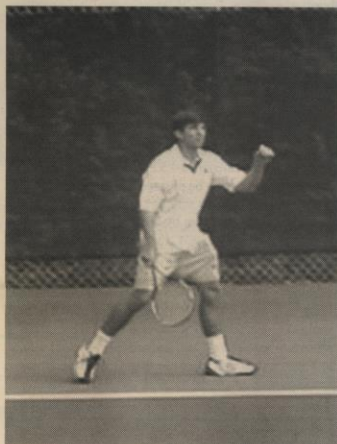
Anglin will come in hoping to turn around a program that has suffered greatly the past two seasons. Recently, Coach Anglin had a breakfast with all the players and has high hopes. He is hoping for a "fresh start for everyone" and that he will bring a "new direction and a new excitement." Coach Anglin has many goals for his first couple of seasons on the job, but he wants the goals to be "aggressive yet realistic...we are always striving to be state champions." He sees a realistic goal to be a state championship within the next 3-5 years, but doesn't want to rule out success in the near future, saying, "Expect us to be very competitive and to give ourselves an opportunity to win."



Tennis: First State Title in Eight Years

by Ted Tywang

Even though the tennis season is almost three months long, the success of the season is based on the team's performance at a one-day event - the state tournament. For the past few years, the MBA tennis team has had strong regular seasons, winning tournaments aplenty. However, the seasons will be remembered as an overall failure because the team lost to MUS in the finals of State the past two



In the afternoon finals, it was, once again an MBA-MUS matchup. Everything seemed to favor MUS, as they had handled a strong McCallie team 4-1 in the morning and had a home-court advantage. After singles it was 3-2 in favor of MUS. Chad Fernandez lost 6-3 in the third set to their strong #1 player in a great match. Mark Fritz lost 7-6, 6-4. Ted Tywang won at #3, 6-2, 7-6. Dwight Dale lost 6-1, 6-3, and at #5 Matthew Nafilan won 6-0, 6-4. For MBA to break the MUS 5-year streak of winning State, we would have to win both doubles matches. To insure a victory, MUS stacked the doubles lineup, putting their #1 team at #2 against a "weaker" team. MBA #2 doubles rose to the challenge, as Dwight Dale and Mark Fritz lost the first game of the match and never looked back, winning 8-1. The match was leveled at 3-3, and it came down to #1 doubles. Chad Fernandez and Ted Tywang pulled through, winning 8-4 and clinching MBA's first State team title since 1995, when Coach Dan McGugin and brother Bill were juniors.

As Coach McGugin says, "Give the credit to our two seniors, Mark Fritz and Chad Fernandez. We split our number one doubles team and our number two doubles team, and they both had seniors on them. And the finals came down to doubles—it was a great way

for both of these seniors to have the responsibility of winning the state championship." For everyone on the team the win was a dream come true. It seemed as if even we had not believed we could win State. The celebration lasted for over half an hour and culminated with the dumping of water on Coach McGugin.

The team wishes to thank first and foremost Coach McGugin, who always believed in us and pushed us towards our goal. (Thanks for making us practice doubles even though we hated it—it sure paid off.) He is leaving next year to pursue football coaching at the University of Miami, and we wish him well although we will miss him greatly. Also, great thanks to Assistant Coaches Bailey and Sutton. The future looks bright for MBA tennis next year, with Coach Sutton taking over the reins. A special thanks to assistant coach Blake McMeans who is an inspiration to everyone on the team.

Finally, thanks very much to Coach Rutledge who came and supported the team at State and saw us win the title. We wish him a speedy recovery and all the best. Look out for MBA tennis next year as the Big Red looks to repeat as State champs.

After the disappointing conclusion to the soccer season, it is safe to blame Memphis, not only for its superior soccer teams, but also for its biased seeding process. This year's team finished with an 11-6-3 record, with no loss by more than one goal, until the last game.

It would be expected that region runner-up MBA would have an easier draw in a state tournament consisting of eight teams. In an effort, however, to make it "more fair" for the Western region, which was allowed to send only two teams to the tournament (as opposed to the Middle and Western region's three), their draw was made slightly easier in order to have Western representation. Meanwhile, the number one team from Middle Tennessee (BGA) would

A Roller Coaster Year For Baseball Team

by Scott Pettus

The 2003 MBA baseball team had hopes of building upon their third-place finish in the state tournament in 2002. After a quality win over Centennial, the team had a major let-down in an ugly defeat to McGavock during the first week of the season. While the rest of the student body was working on the their tans, the baseball team traveled to sunny Orlando, Florida, in hope of finally playing the great ball that they knew they could. After losing to Florida powerhouses St. Cloud, and Cypress, the Big Red rebounded and managed to leave the Sunshine State with two wins and two losses. After Orlando, the team traveled to Memphis to play in the very competitive USA Classic, where they would meet perennial powerhouse Germantown in the first round. After an offensive explosion in the first two innings, building a lead of 10-0, the Big Red failed to put a complete game together and fell to the Giants 11-10 in the last out of the game, knocking the wind out of the team. After yet another loss to Oakland, the team once again rebounded and defeated Covington and ECS, and left the tournament on top of their game.

After Memphis came the most important few weeks of the season during region play. Following a rather embarrassing loss to region foe BGA 13-3, the Big Red dropped the following outing to BA in a 10-8 slugfest. With the start of region play giving the team a miserable 0-2 record, the Big Red finally started to come together and play some good ball, with two consecutive

wins over BGA, a satisfying victory over top-seed BA, and a very enjoyable sweep of rival Father Ryan, returning the favor of what the Irish did to us last year. This stretch of clutch wins earned the team a #2 seed in the region tournament and paired them once again with Father Ryan. The Big Red pitching staff, however, failed to calm the Irish bats, leading to defeat, and a spot in the undesirable elimination game against BGA: the winner goes to state; the loser goes home. Behind a great pitching performance by senior Hunter Hawkins, the Big Red bats just couldn't find the holes in the defense, disappointingly dropping the contest 2-0 to the Wildcats.

Although the season ended on a disappointing note of failing to make it to the state tournament as expected, the team found great comfort in being the first team to win 20 games in recent years, compiling a final record of 21-14. Another highlight of the roller-coaster season was Wesley Langlois' league-high nine home runs, which earned him title of co-MVP of the middle region. In addition to Wesley's honor, Brad French, Scott Pettus, and Tom Santi were named to the All-Region team. Although the team will greatly miss the leadership of this year's seven seniors, Hunter Hawkins, Michael McDaniel, Trip Tate, Brent Sayles, John Murdock, Anthony Bills, and Wesley "Hambone" Langlois, the Big Red baseball program has a very bright future for next year, with six returning starters, and an experienced junior class taking the lead

One Last Soccer Article

By Josh Cherry

After the disappointing conclusion to the soccer season, it is safe to blame Memphis, not only for its superior soccer teams, but also for its biased seeding process. This year's team finished with an 11-6-3 record, with no loss by more than one goal, until the last game.

It would be expected that region runner-up MBA would have an easier draw in a state tournament consisting of eight teams. In an effort, however, to make it "more fair" for the Western region, which was allowed to send only two teams to the tournament (as opposed to the Middle and Western region's three), their draw was made slightly easier in order to have Western representation. Meanwhile, the number one team from Middle Tennessee (BGA) would

have to play nationally-ranked MUS and the number two team (MBA) would have to play Christian Brothers (ranked 14th in the nation). Therefore, the desired seeding for MBA would have ironically been 3rd.

All complaining aside (or most of the complaining aside), the team had a successful season. Though we lost in the first round to Christian Brothers, the season was highlighted with wins over the top two teams from Alabama, Knoxville Catholic, Centennial, BGA, and Father Ryan. Individual skill was also prominent: Matt Serck, sweeper, was awarded defensive MVP, Michael Koban and Jeff Glaser were leading scorers, and Justin Holland had six shut-outs. Superior coaching from Mr. John Lanier, Mr. Richard Klausner, and Mr. Paul Wiecek provided the strategy to defeat the many strong teams mentioned above. As Coach Lanier said, "The players played very hard and smart, but it wasn't quite enough. Matt Serck had another tremendous offensive game. Josh Cherry was effective in midfield to set up Michael Koban for a couple of attempts. Daniel Gluck also helped in the striker position for Koban. Justin Holland has been tremendous in goal all season."

X2 Thumbs Up For Latest Marvel Comics Film

by Christopher Schuller

Facing high ticket prices and low expectations, moviegoers choosing to throw their whopping eight dollars at *X2: X-Men United* will not be disappointed. Though not a selection for those who insist upon cinema conveying a hefty message like literature, *X2* succeeds as a rapid succession of explosions, goofy childish tolerance messages, and German versions of Roman Catholicism's Greatest Hits (yes, that's the "Hail Mary" that you can't understand Nightcrawler saying).

Patrick Stewart lends bald sagacity to the raging-hormone of a movie, which centers on the development of mainly younger mutants alongside a depraved military scientist's evil scheme to replicate Cerebro and eliminate all mutants from the face of the earth. (A horrible idea! What would we do without Michael Jackson?) From the start, Nightcrawler, a blue teleportation fiend straight outta the Munich Circus, establishes himself as the

peak of coolness—I only know one other Catholic German who can disappear at will in a puff of blue smoke (see byline). Highlights include a death-defying teleportation rescue from mid-air which actually had the sentimental fools in the movie theater clapping (because of course the people on the screen could hear them), the mutant Pyro's wasting a whole mess of police officers, and a hysterical parody of the stereotypical "coming-out" conversation as Iceman's flabbergasted mother asks whether anything she did made him "the way he is." Homosexuals and *Will and Grace* fans alike among you will be amused.

X2's captivating action sequences and idiotic dialogue make for a movie which has earned a permanent place among the most entertaining ever shot; Halle Berry remains devastatingly attractive and sexily dangerous whilst James Marsden [Cyclops] and Famke Janssen [Jean Grey] create some major explosions using their powers and their, uh, er, ...powers... (let's just say the writers needed to call in Iceman at a couple of points) to perfect effect. The teenage mutant scene is rounded out with the life-sucking Anna Paquin whose energy-draining powers as Rogue are actually possessed by all teenage girls, and by Aaron Stanford, the man-child Pyro, in constant possession of a zippo lighter and a need to show off his flame-manipulation abilities.

Also starring Rebecca Romijn-Stamos in 32 hours' worth of makeup as Mystique and Kelly Hu as the beyond-scary knuckle-cracking Asian mistress of destruction. Ian McKellen and Brian Cox play the villains, and the film is directed by Bryan Singer.

What is great in man, as Nietzsche would remind us before saying something else fatally obtuse, is what is great about this sequel: it is a bridge, and not an end. The mysterious aquatic cliff-hanger ending promises a brilliant *X3*, already in the works.

The Matrix: Reloaded to Perfection

by Justin Hall

Obviously a film like *The Matrix: Reloaded* was one of the most highly anticipated films to arrive this movie season.

After the smashing success of *The Matrix*, the Wachowski brothers had a lot to live up to. Luckily, they did this and more with the second installment of their Matrix trilogy.

The Matrix: Reloaded, picks up a while after the first one ended. Neo has mastered his skills, and his fighting is unmatched. The Nebuchadnezzar has a new

programmer, and more time is spent outside the Matrix and inside Zion and the real world.

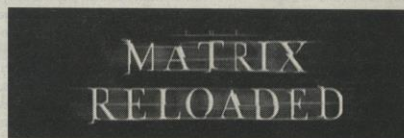
The action in this movie was amazing. While a few scenes did get a little tedious, the action was choreographed perfectly and the stunts were spectacular. Although most of it was done on a computer, it looks almost lifelike, which makes it seem as if real people are doing impossible things. The highway scene is arguably the best action scene in the movie.

The storyline in *Reloaded* is incredibly well thought-out, and hardly a flaw can be found. The Wachowski brothers spent an almost unendurably long time working on this storyline, and it was well worth the wait. The storyline is just as involved as the first one, and it develops the war of the men and machines to a whole new level. With new plot ideas like The Architect, Programs, and actual human myths, it involves the viewer completely.

If you didn't see the first movie,

check it out before you see this one, because the storyline builds

on it. *Reloaded* is definitely worth checking out, even though movies cost at least \$6 per ticket. With so many other movies out there not worth checking out, at least see this one, for it is bound to be one of the best movies of the year.



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A Senior's Retrospective

by John Eason

Sitting down at my desk a few days before Commencement, I pondered on what to write on for this final issue of *The Bell Ringer*. It was not easy. It couldn't just be an article on the football team, or a movie review, or an opinions article where I whine about the problems with the MBA machine. This article needs some universal appeal. And as it is graduation, something grandiose and celebratory would be nice. As a natural-born cynic, finding the optimism in me was quite the task. Obviously the focus of this article needed to be on the Class of 2003. But I have been with this class for six years, so describing them and remembering them is not something that is easily constrained to a certain word limit. Thousands of thoughts and memories come rushing into my head. How to begin?

You could say that the Class of 2003 has had a smooth ride through MBA. I would tell you, in my best Chris Smith voice, that you were blatantly wrong. I think it's safe to say that as a class, our high school career did not get off to the best of starts. Entering into high school, typically most students hear of the potential their class has and how they will one day be thought of as one of the best classes to come through MBA. During those first class meetings, great aspirations are created and goals pronounced. Unfortunately, this was not the case for this year's class. Far from it. We were simply told that we had the potential to be the worst class ever to come through MBA but if we tried hard enough maybe we wouldn't have that label thrown onto us. Don't think for a moment that this reputation was not earned. We carried plenty of excess baggage in the form of demerits and rebellion from junior school to freshman year. I think things hit rock bottom when Taylor Sutherland, a senior at the time, was brought in to one of our class meetings to tell us what the rest of the high school thought about us. After his tirade (I would quote it, but it contained very few *Bell Ringer* approved words), we had confirmation that not only the administration disliked us, but also the upperclassmen.

In short, it has been a long journey from those days of hearing lectures from

administrators and teachers about our problems as a freshmen class to finally scaling the steps to receive the diploma. And now that graduation has come and gone, one can only have memories of his days on the Hill.

Hey, Eason, I hate to interrupt, but this article is dragging along, so how about you get to your memories so these people can move on to the next page.

I will remember every student who came and went (Buster, Andre, Hillman, Hunt, Arthur Ward, Chris Gilbert, Matt Abernathy, Mason T. Holmes, David Crowe, Knox Beasley, Beuerlein, Boliek, Will Cade, Cody Hall, Anderson Green, Wells, Chase Jones, Chris Lathrop, Dick Lodge, Harrison Lowe, Brett Simpson, Sweeney, Paul Thomas, Jeffrey Harris, Thomas Blackburn, Anthony Denmark, David Schumacher, Jess Miller, Matt Skinner, and Darden) and only a few who made it to the end. I will remember the Thurminator, Orthama bin Laden, Shackdaddy, Father Crosswell, Disco Dan, G-Money, and Smack-em-tavitz. And hopefully not just their nicknames, but also what they taught me. I will remember trigonometry, Tintoretto, torque, and Twain. The 40-minute mid-morning siesta that was the MBA assembly. "Spearhead" and "facilitate". The "golden minutes" and the extra minutes of sleep on a snow day...oh, wait, nope sorry, that's only Father Ryan. I will remember Dr. Barrow and diagrams. The 3 favorite things in Coach Caldwell's life, and that "throwin' clubs ain't one of 'em." I will remember *The Great Gatsby*, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and *All the King's Men*. I am still trying to forget *The Scarlet Letter* and *Jane Eyre*. I will remember Yolanda. 6th period Art History. Walking up Montgomery Bell Avenue at 7:30 in the morning and seeing both lanes jammed with cars and two tow-trucks, while a hundred plus crowd up on the circle was viewing all the chaos of the senior prank. Hambone and DeBruyn playing a little Bach on the cello. Langlois on the ukulele. *The Archives* videos. Being up 27-3 on BA in the third quarter of the Clinic Bowl, and then looking over at the stunned faces on the sidelines of the "Sports Academy." 1-17 8th Basketball team. Seeing Hollis and Robinson have the guts to keep on playing

basketball when all the other seniors had quit. A 17-0 regular season for the lacrosse team. Screaming at the opposing team in soccer games. 7th period prank calls by Brian and Richard. Emfinger playing seventh grade football. IPS and APES. Sodexo and Sage. Hearing Sam Garner talk about *Platoon*, *Apocalypse Now*, and *Tears of the Sun*. The homecomings and proms. Old Carter and New Carter. Being the last class to have classes under the gym. *Grease*, *Bye Bye Birdie*, and *One Acts*. Hearn's drum solo in the last assembly. Friday nights, not at the football field, but at the Sportsplex. Code Big Red Lockdown. My Latin declensions. The thesis and hypothesis. Hearing about 9-11 in my 2nd period Latin class. My first MBA class ever with Mrs. Steele and my last MBA class ever with Mr. Chenery. In between, there have been many ups and downs, but the great memories will always last.

I am not going to claim that this class is the best class ever. Not just a cliché, but an absurd one to make. No class can claim that title. What I can tell you is that this class was different from all the ones that have come before it. That to me is the best of compliments. It kept with many of the great traditions at MBA, but also sought change and progress in an environment that is just a little conservative. Graduation is a celebration of a class and the things it achieved and gave to its school. The class of 2003 was a unique class no doubt. There was Tricky, Lunchbox, Peepers, Ronnie, Ledbelly, Hambone, Balstrap, Labo, LB Sambo, Duck, K-pax, Chalmers, and Rhames. There were artists, musicians, actors, comedians, athletes, extemporaneous speakers, students, rebels, closet studiers, writers, cynics, atheists, Christians, Hindus, Jews, Muslims, politicians, readers, poets, a swimmer, some bowlers, and an occasional gentleman. There was unbelievable diversity and unity in this class. Graduation is the last time the Class of '03 will ever fully be together again. That is what I will celebrate. On this day, Montgomery Bell Academy says farewell to the Class of 2003.

Farewell to these teachers. We wish them well!

**Ivy Ashworth
Paige Brown
Rashida Brown
Leslie Gulvas
Janet Hensley
Daniel McGugin
Jerry Meyer
Nancy Miles
Bill Nichol
Mike Vaught**

Class Officers

Senior Class

Pres. - Ben Pote
V.P. - Chris Schuller
Sec. - Corey Burton
Treas. - Ted Tywang

Junior Class

Pres. - William Benson
V.P. - Matthew Christie
Sec. - Jake Wright
Treas. - Scott Vaughn

Sophomore Class

Pres. - Scott Hearon
V.P. - Nick Anand
Sec. - Eric Bader
Treas. - Regen Jewett

Student Council Members

Junior Class

Andrew Barge
Hunter Branstetter
Richard Greathouse
Ben Turk

Sophomore Class

David Syverud
Matthew Behar
Teddy Christenberry
Pete Burgess

Honor Council Members

Junior Class

Will DeLoache
Jay Pilkerton
Pierce Sandwith

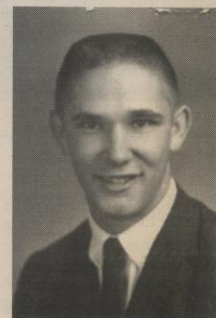
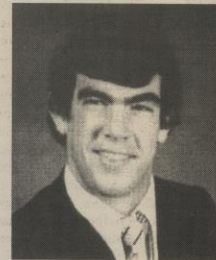
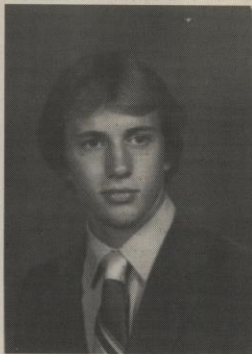
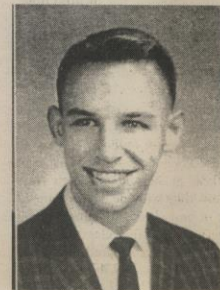
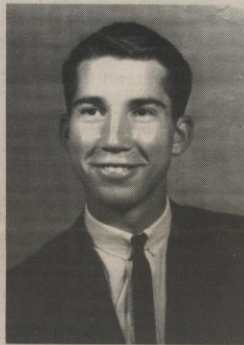
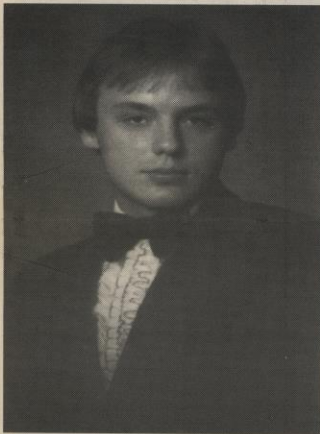
Sophomore Class

Davey Douglas
Bracey Wilson

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE TEACHERS?



Dr. Batten
Mrs. Bourland
Mr. Caldwell
Dr. Clark
Mr. Compton
Dr. Crowell
Mrs. Dickerson
Mrs. Franks
Mr. Gaither
Mrs. Howell
Mr. Klausner
Mr. McBride
Mrs. Power
Mr. Rutledge
Mr. Tillman



Cyrus Adams Franklin and Marshall College	Rob DeLaney Northwestern University	Jay Howell University of Georgia	Andrew Quinn University of Virginia
John Auer The Citadel	Lane Denson University of Tennessee - Knoxville	Richard Howell University of the South	Paul Reynolds University of Pennsylvania
Vahid Azamtarrhian Allegheny College	Chris Douse University of Georgia	Mac Kelly Kenyon College	Paul Robinson Morehouse College
Jackson Balthrop Rice University	John Eason Georgetown University	Cannon Kinnard United States Military Academy	Michael Ross Allegheny College
William Bartholomew Rhodes College	Brian Elliott Vanderbilt University	Harry Kuntz Loyola University New Orleans	Matt Rowenczak Ohio State University
Hamilton Berry Columbia University-Julliard Exchange Program	Chris Emfinger Georgia Institute of Technology	Joshua Kupersmidt Tufts University	Brent Sayles Tennessee Technological University
Alec Berryman Bowdoin College	Mitchell Evans Pennsylvania State University - University Park	Michael Kwas Southern Methodist University	David Scoville Birmingham-Southern College
Anthony Bills University of Tennessee - Knoxville	Chad Fernandez Southern Methodist University	Daniel Landman Tulane University	Greg Scruggs University of Tennessee - Knoxville
David Boyd University of Virginia	David Fleming University of Colorado at Boulder	Wesley Langlois Belmont University	Matt Serck University of Tennessee - Knoxville
Matthew Brinton DePaul University	Hunter Foreman Southern Methodist University	Matthew Leftwich Cornell University	Rob Shell University of Mississippi
Jack Bryant University of the South	Robert Foster Washington and Lee University	Jack Lewis Lehigh University	Chris Smith Kenyon College
Jim Bryant Vanderbilt University	Mark Fritz Vanderbilt University	Jimmy Love University of Mississippi	Peyton Smith Maryland Institute College of Art
Fletcher Caldwell University of Tennessee - Knoxville	Vamsi Gaddipati Vanderbilt University	Brian Lustig University of Colorado at Boulder	J B Spaulding Vanderbilt University
Bill Cameron University of Colorado at Boulder	Sam Garner University of Mississippi	Blake Luttrell United States Air Force Academy	Robert Stewart Davidson College
Josh Cherry University of Pennsylvania	Wilson Garrett Centre College	Josh Mayhew Hendrix College	Clarence Stone Morehouse College
Will Choppin University of Colorado at Boulder	Daniel Gluck University of Pennsylvania	Michael McDaniel Trinity University	Will Stringfellow Belmont University
Peter Christenberry University of Kansas	Juan Gonzalez University of Mississippi	David McNamee Brown University	Vivek Surti Vanderbilt University
Brian Christie Dartmouth College	Blake Goodman Southern Methodist University	Whitney Mills Tulane University	Trip Tate Princeton University
James Clark University of Mississippi	Bennett Graham Princeton University	Hunter Mobley Davidson College	Ian Thornhill University of Tennessee - Chattanooga
Sam Claycombe Indiana University Bloomington	Jim Griffith University of Colorado at Boulder	Matt Mogan Southern Methodist University	Clayton Trammell United States Navy
Brent Collins University of Georgia	Chase Gruber University of Mississippi	Nathan Mulherin University of Colorado at Boulder	Timothy Vaughn George Washington University
Matt Conrad Brown University	Alex Hall University of Georgia	John Murdock Wake Forest University	Matthew Wall Auburn University
Seth Cooper Washington University	Chris Hancock University of Alabama	Paul Nealy University of Tennessee - Knoxville	Raymond Walsh College of William and Mary
Reggie Coopwood Oakwood College	Hunter Hawkins University of Rochester	Ben Newman Stanford University	Chris Webb Vanderbilt University
Hunter Cummings Trevecca Nazarene University	Matt Hearn Belmont University	Michael O'Rourke Texas A & M University - Galveston	James Williams University of Kentucky
Aaron Davis Vanderbilt University	Frank Herron University of Mississippi	Joseph Overton Hiram College	Wade Williams University of Mississippi
Michael DeBruyn Cleveland Institute of Music	Justin Holland High Point University	Zac Pounds University of Mississippi	
	Jeffrey Hollis Centre College	Peter Power University of Notre Dame	